

MARVEL®
18th Aug 90

THE REAL

NO114 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™



JUST A
LITTLE BIT
OFF THE TOP
SIR?

ISSN 0954-9404



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33

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Welcome to what can only be described as another *hair-raising* edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS!** A pretty *cutting* character's secret is un-locked in a story that is guaranteed to send a shiver of *shear* terror down your spine in **Demon Barber!**

The Real Ghostbusters *bust* a blood vessel or two as they go for each others' necks in a tale of a sneaky spook that gets his kicks by stirring up trouble in **The Livid Dead!** Later on, you'll get to see a side of Ray that's only usually on view to the bathroom mirror, in **Morning Zik-ness!** Not a pretty sight!

To keep you *rivvit*-ed to your seats, there's also the third instalment of **Toad Island!** Plus, there's all the usual regular raves to get you going, so get those eyes under starter's orders...

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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ

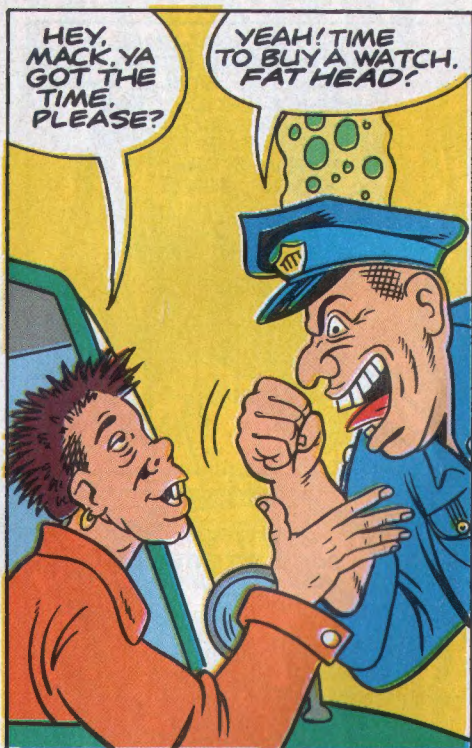


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

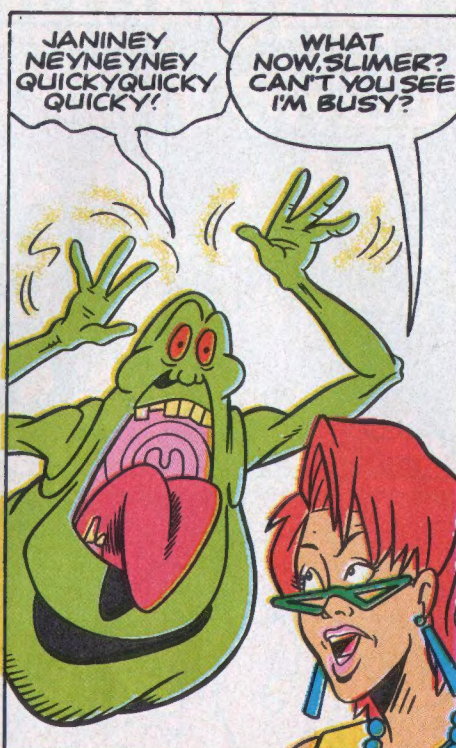






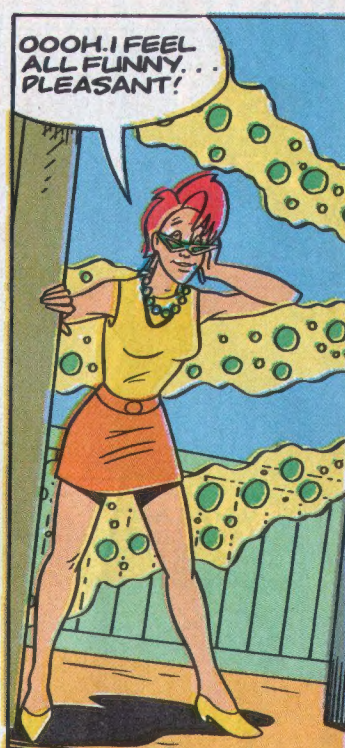
HEY, MACK, YA GOT THE TIME, PLEASE?

YEAH! TIME TO BUY A WATCH, FAT HEAD!



JANINEY NEYNEYNEY QUICKYQUICKY QUICKY!

WHAT NOW, SLIMER? CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY?



OOOH, I FEEL ALL FUNNY... PLEASANT!



WHAT DO YOU WANT, JANINE?

HA HA HA, YOU'RE TOO ANGRY TO BUST ME NOW, GHOSTBUSTERS, BUT YOU CAN TRY IF YOU LIKE! HA HA HA!

OH, NOTHING MUCH... I JUST THOUGHT I'D BETTER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT BIG, CUTE LOOKING DEMON BEHIND YOU!

UH?!



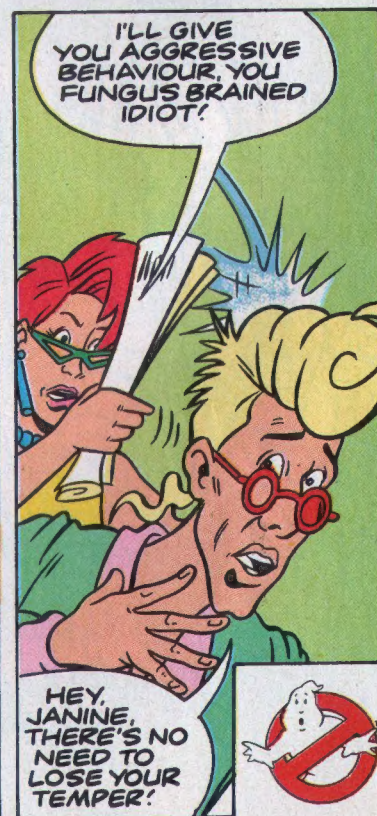
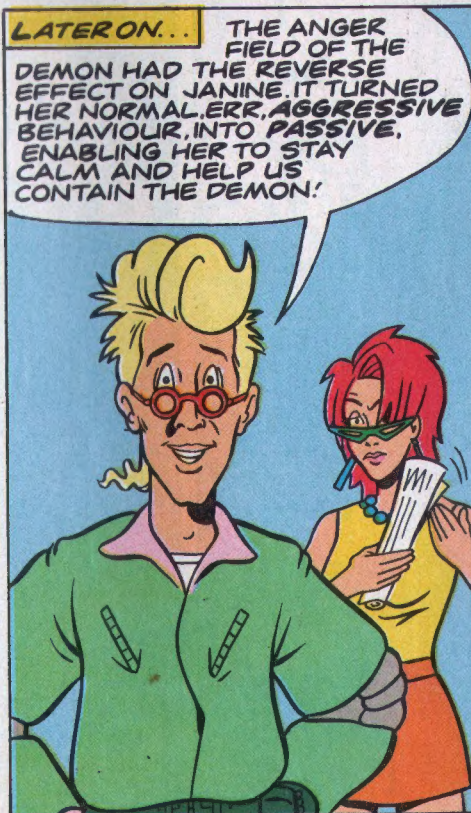
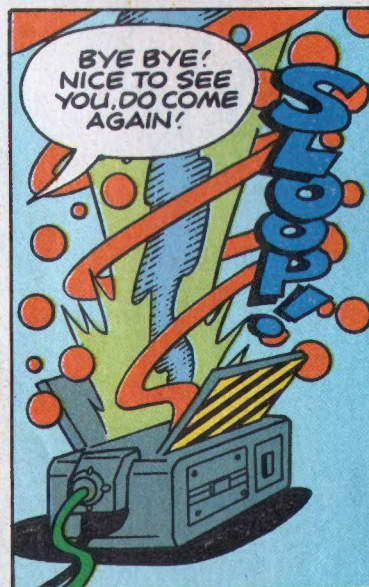
AND SO...

RIGHT, RAY, YOU GET READY TO SET THE TRAP!

NO, GET SOMEONE ELSE TO DO IT! I ALWAYS HAVE TO DO IT!

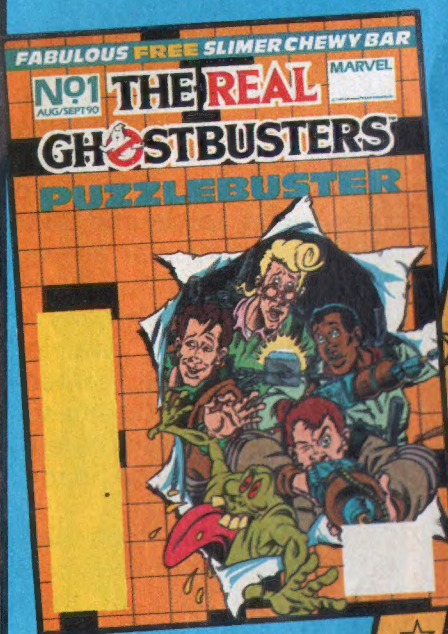
NO, PETER, YOU SET THE TRAP AND I'LL ZAP IT!

NO, I'LL ZAP IT!



HAVE YOU EVER WISHED THAT YOU COULD BE A **REAL** GHOSTBUSTER AND GO ON A **REAL** ADVENTURE?

Well, now you can – puzzles, mazes, quizzes, adventure PLUS a **FREE** Slimer chewy bar to really get your teeth into!



So, you think you're ready to become a Real Ghostbuster! To be a fully-fledged ecto-eliminator, you have to be able to think on your feet and so to develop your spiritual vocabulary, here's a spooky word search for you to complete. All the words hidden in the grid, are listed below. Each word runs either horizontally or vertically and all you have to do is put a ring around each one you find. Your task is to find the five words on the list that are not in the grid.

G	H	O	S	T	B	U	S	T	I	N	G	A
S	Q	P	T	H	A	U	N	T	K	T	E	P
L	T	R	A	P	R	O	T	O	N	O	C	P
I	C	O	N	T	A	I	N	F	D	B	T	A
M	R	S	T	A	Y	P	U	F	T	I	O	R
E	E	P	Z	S	V	E	X	M	W	N	M	I
T	E	E	D	C	A	C	W	A	I	L	O	T
H	P	N	S	R	O	T	J	M	N	P	B	I
E	Y	G	N	E	G	O	N	S	P	I	O	
R	T	L	I	A	R	P	F	O	T	E	L	N
E	O	E	F	M	E	L	A	N	O	T	E	E
A	M	R	F	Q	J	A	N	I	N	E	B	V
L	B	Y	E	S	U	S	G	U	N	R	A	I
E	N	T	R	A	P	M	E	N	T	C	T	L

GHOSTBUSTING
APPARITION
ENTRAPMENT
SLIME
ECTOPLASM
MR STAY PUFT
ECTOMOBILE
STANTZ
ETHEREAL
CONTAIN
HQ
SNIFFER
EVIL
CREEPY
SPENGLER
ZEDDMORE
RAY
EGON

JANINE
WINSTON
VENKMAN
PETER
PROTON
ZUUL
TOBIN
OGRE
VAMPIRE
GUN
HAUNT
WAIL
FANG
SPECTRAL
TOMB
SCREAM
MOON
BAT
TRAP

If you have found the five red herrings, you can collect your official busting equipment. If you haven't, you need more basic training. Why don't you consult Egon's Guide to All Things Spiritual on page 47?

**FREE
SLIMER
CHEWY
BAR**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS PUZZLEBUSTER!
ISSUE ONE ON SALE NOW!
BI-MONTHLY FROM MARVEL

SPENGLEER'S

SPIRIT

After reading in the medical text books of his day that hair continues to grow after death, Tobin at once hypothesised that spirit hairdressers must do a roaring trade in the hereafter. He researched the subject thoroughly, but the only hairdressing-related haunting that he could find was a binary acoustic event on the site of the Roman forum at Tonicanginium, Asia Minor. The exact point of the haunting was the stall owned by Antoni and Gaius, a pair of barber-surgeons in the auxillary of the Nineteenth Legion. The event itself merely consisted of the faint rasping of two ghostly voices accompanied by a snipping noise. A transcript follows:

1st voice – "...all this rushing around, these sandals are killing my feet!"

2nd voice – "But he looked a treat didn't he...that purple on his toga really brought out his highlights. Still, he was a bit too much full of the veni and the vidi for my taste..."

1st – "And don't forget the vici. Ohh, speak of the devil...Ave, Centurion! Just pop the standard in the corner and hop up here."

2nd – "Just the usual, is it? Even all round and freshen the laurels? Or are we posing for a statue this week?"

It was another century before Tobin's work in the area was improved upon.



PART 114

Wilberforce Wigstand was an amateur occultist who survived a dreadful brush with the Supercosmos after innocently dipping into a copy of Brancustard's *Something For The Afterlife*. The dreadful brush was four foot with long big, sharp, pointy bristles. Mispronouncing a spell, Wigstand was hurtled through the dim fabric separating our world from the next and had to survive for three days in the furious wastes of the Supercosmos before a stray spell from a passing Rendwyrn projected him back into the normal world. During his time in the Hereafter, Wigstand observed the hair styles popular amongst wraith-folk, and also got a first-hand knowledge of their hairdressers. He records the information in

GUIDE

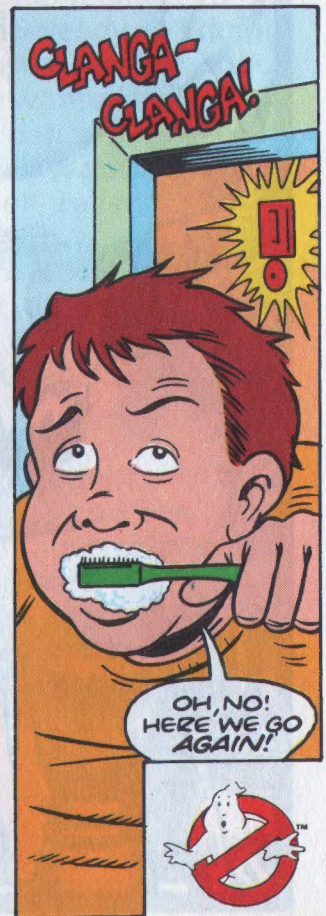
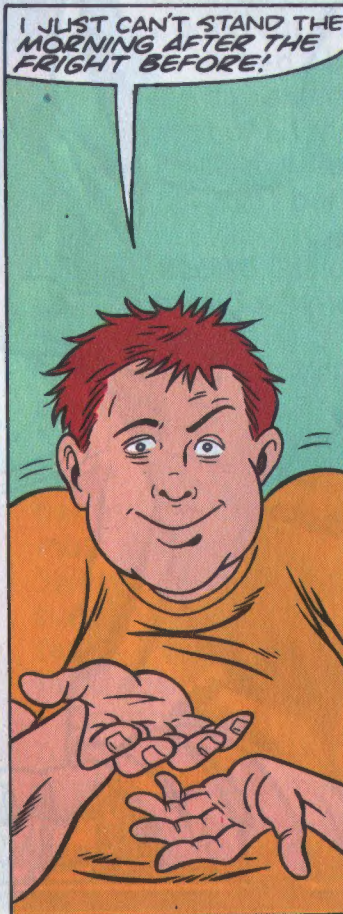
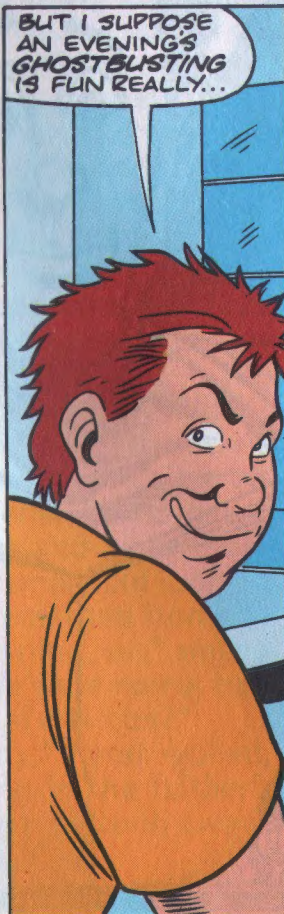
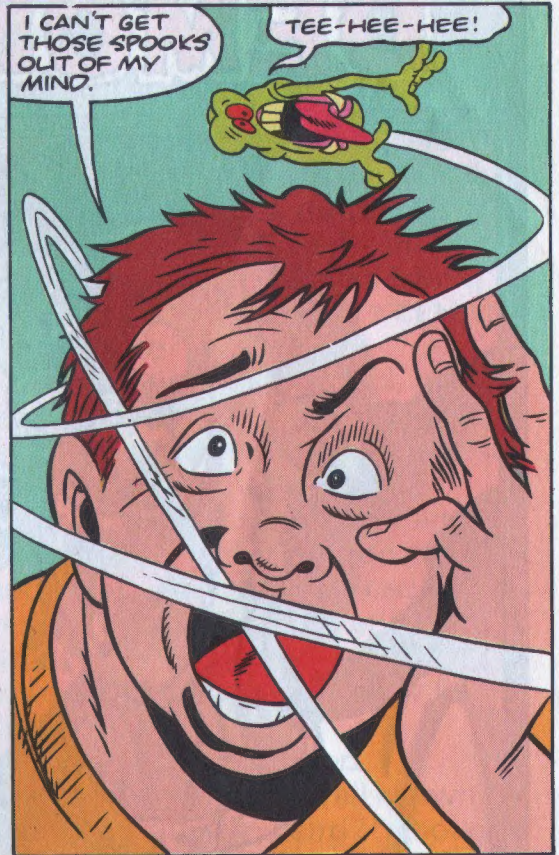
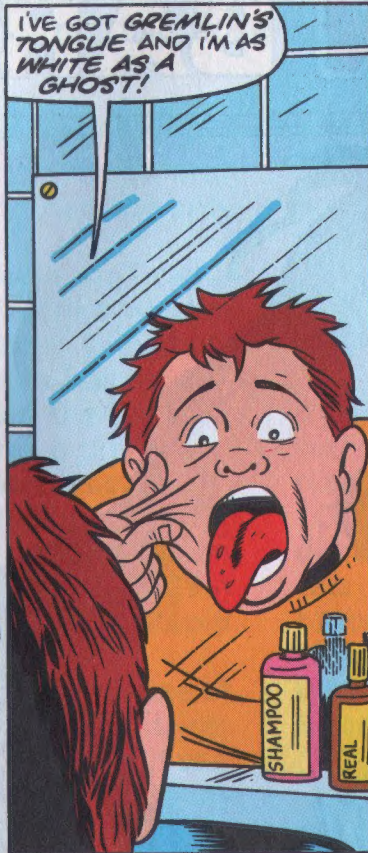
chapter three of his stupendous book, *Hair-raiser*. It read: "...choices of hairstyle vary from creature to creature, as hair, thulking straps and such head ornaments, as horns, crested frills, spikes, spines and tusks allow. Very popular among the Yldammics is the 'Dead-lock' style, although many of the lower caste warrior demons prefer the 'scalped' look, or the not-quite-so-severe 'semi-scalped', where, of course, the head is retained.

"Another popular look, particularly for those creatures who lacked locks of their own, was the 'gorgon' whereby they encouraged (by way of a small bribe or spell) another tentacled demon to live on their heads and writhe about whenever the wind blew."

"In need of a trim myself, I took the advice of a passing Nargaunt and avoided Ponquadrakor's Salon. The great demon of Tarot, it was said, was good, but rather prone to over-enthusiasm, and quite often a short-back-and-sides turned into a short-top. Instead I went to Azathoth's boutique, *Curl Up and Die*. As I sat in the chair and Azathoth stroped the razor behind me, I heard this terrible bellowing, growling noise. 'What's that?' I asked. 'Sorry, sir,' said the Phantom-Prince of Tonsures, "'I'm just doing a roaring trade...'"


I, of course, remain sceptical.

THE REAL STBUSTERS™



DEMON BARBER!



Story DAN ABNETT  Art ANTHONY WILLIAMS, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

When Peter Venkman goes to the barber he's looking for a quick trim – but not too close to the ears!

Peter Venkman strolled into the barbers on East Twenty-Fourth Street and whistled. "Shop!", he shouted towards an open back room door.

"Be with you in one moment, sir," came the courteous reply. Peter ruffled his hair, and wondered why the other Ghostbusters had said he'd needed a haircut. He looked in the mirror above the barber's basin. Well, perhaps it was a bit long – even a little too straggly for his usual cool looks. He blamed it all on Slimer's latest attempts at friendship, sneaking up on Peter when he least expected it and then giving him a big, slimy hug. 'Stupid ghost,' he thought.

The barber's shop was, he noticed, one of those old-fashioned places – no frills, just the barber's chair, a sink in front of it and all the usual hair cutting tools, carefully positioned on shelves so the barber could reach them easily. One thing about the place, it was completely clean – no hair on the floor, and an old coffee percolator bubbled cheerfully in the corner of the room. The air smelt of shaving cream and hot flannels and as the shop door swung closed, shutting out the noise of mid morning traffic, Peter felt he'd stepped back in time.

The pictures on the walls were all Fifties film stars, and even the expected pile of news magazines looked ancient – the National Geographic magazine didn't even have photographs on the front. As he flicked through one, scratching his head at the sight of some of the dated railway advertisements and even more dated ones for soda, a small, old looking man in a barber's coat emerged from the back room. "Good morning, sir," smiled the man, "Sweedy Tode's the name, hair cutting's the game. What will it be?"

"Nothing fancy, Sweedy," Peter replied, smiling back and sitting in the barber's chair. "I just need a little trim. I don't want to change the look at all."

"Of course not, sir," replied Sweedy, covering Peter's clothes with a protective wraparound sheet. "Just a little off the top, perhaps?" He reached for some sharp looking scissors and smiled again.

"Yeah. Sweedy Tode, eh? Haven't I heard that name before?"

"Oh, I doubt it, sir," Sweedy said, quickly starting to cut Peter's hair. "Perhaps you're confusing me with someone else. Nice weather we're having."

"Could be better. I was taking a friend to dinner last night and it started raining cats and dogs. We were soaked!" The barber shuffled around Peter and started on another part of his hair. "Hmm, it's a sign of the Apocalypse, you know," said Sweedy.

"What is?" said Peter confused.

"Raining cats and dogs. It's well known."

"Was this man slightly weird?" thought Peter. Well, at least he seemed to be getting a good cut and Sweedy was doing it fast too. He had a bust at a ballet school later in the day and he wanted to look his best in front of all the dancers. "Sweedy? Sweedy?" said Peter. "Wasn't there a famous British barber called Sweedy Tode?"

"Oh, I expect so," said Sweedy, "But we're no relation. So, what do you do for a living, Mr . . . ?"

"Venkman. Peter Venkman. I bust ghosts, actually."

"You . . . bust . . . ghosts?"

"Sure. You know, poltergeists in your pantry, spectres in your shoe box? You must have seen the advertisements." Sweedy shook his head and went suddenly white. "The Real Ghostbusters?" Peter added. Sweedy shook his head again and looked angry.

"Something off the top, sir?" said the barber, brandishing a pair of even larger scissors that seemed to have appeared from nowhere.

"Sure," said Peter, giving up. Sweedy may

be a good barber, he thought, but it looked like his conversation was pretty one sided. Perhaps that was why his shop was empty. Then Peter looked in the mirror and went very white himself. Behind him, Sweedy had started to change. His coat expanded and began to burst and hair sprouted from all over his body while his eyes blazed fire. "Something off the top, then!" the demon cackled, for that was the only thing Sweedy could be. Peter dived out of the chair as the demon sliced dangerously at his ears. "Save it," said Peter, backing away towards the front door. "What about some hairspray, then?" said Sweedy, reaching for a can.

"Hey, I'm too cool for that," said Peter.

"You won't be soon!" screamed Sweedy, as the can shot an arc of slime from the nozzle. "It's what I call my salon surprise. Most of my customers love it!" From the back room of the shop, some things gibbered in the dark. Peter thought fast and jumped back towards the barber's chair and basin. Frantically, as Sweedy scurried towards him again, he turned on both taps and started directing the water at Sweedy. "If you're the sort of demon I

think you are, you're not going to like this!" said Peter, and he was right. Sweedy jumped away, afraid of the water and Peter took that opportunity to dive straight out of the shop. As he escaped, The Real Ghostbuster shouted "I'll be back!" and raced off down the street, Sweedy cackling with laughter.

Some time later, armed to the teeth with Guns and Packs, The Real Ghostbusters raced to East Twenty-Fourth Street to capture the villainous Sweedy Tode. Egon carefully explained to a shocked Peter that Sweedy had to be related to the other Sweedy Tode, the legendary demon barber of Fleet Street. As he recounted some gory tales of Sweedy's life, ECTO-1 drew up outside the place where Sweedy's barber shop had been.

Had been was exactly right, because the shop had vanished completely, leaving only a smoking hole in the ground. "Well, that was a *close shave*!" said Peter.

"Yeah," grinned Winston, "He sounded pretty *barbarous*."

"Definitely *over the top*," Ray laughed as Peter looked embarrassed.

"Hey guys," he said, "Cut this out, okay? Let's get back to work!"



ARABIAN FRIGHTS

Sale-time in department stores is chaotic at the best of times, so imagine the scene in New York's famous Macey's as it was besieged with spook-shoppers in the form of Arabian Frights.

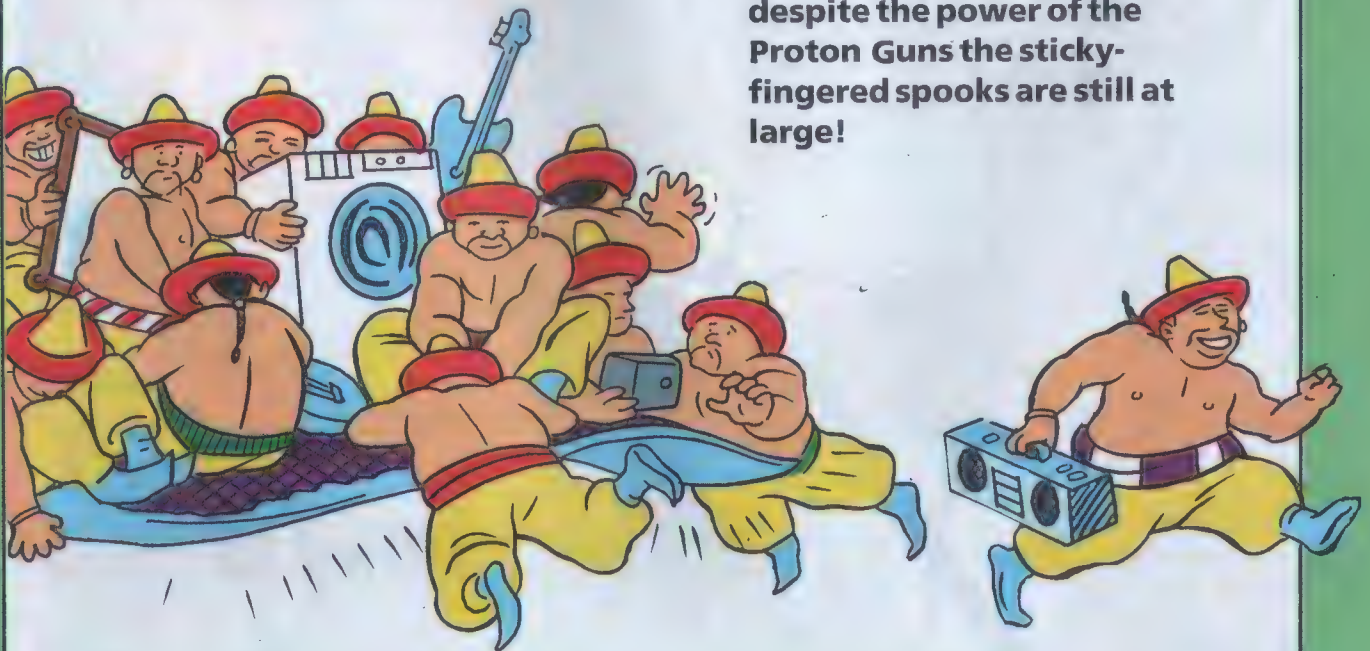
It was a case of 'hang on to your turbans' as Ali Baba and his ghostly gang hijacked the carpets and flew off with as much as their greedy hands could carry. The Real Ghostbusters arrived as the free-floating, multi-temporal-textiles disappeared into another dimension. There was no alternative but to 'follow that rug!'

They found themselves transported to the Middle East, in the year 2000 BC. The local inhabitants were

convinced that The Real Ghostbusters had been sent in answer to their prayers. They explained how the phantom pilferers had stolen all their un-worldly possessions until there was nothing left to take – hence the raid on earth.

The cave of Ali Baba was discovered to be the Arabian Fright's hideaway. However, it ceased to be a 'secret' hideaway once the fearsome four worked out the magic entry words: 'Open Sesame'.

Sure enough, the place was a real magpie's nest, stashed with every item imaginable, but none of it theirs! The eastern fiends were discovered lurking in the laundry baskets, but despite the power of the Proton Guns the sticky-fingered spooks are still at large!



AROUND THE WORLD WITH

WILLY FOG

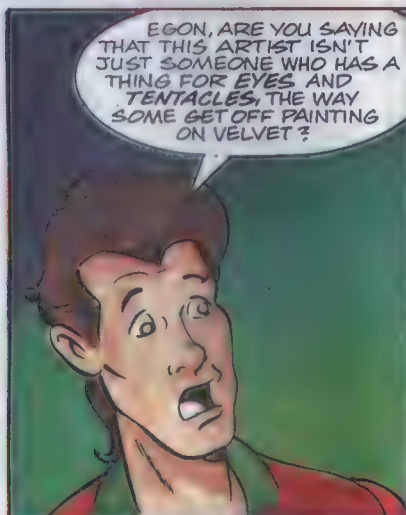
**JOIN ME EVERY
FORTNIGHT IN MY
RACE AGAINST
TIME!**



**On Sale
NOW!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Three: The Real Ghostbusters have gone to investigate the strange goings-on beneath the Toad Island Amusement Park...



IN ONE OF THE CAVERNS, KENNETH HAS SEARCHED OUT NOGAD TO ATTEMPT TO PLEA FOR THE FUTURE OF TOAD ISLAND.

THIS WAS A KINDER, BETTER PLACE BEFORE YOU CAME, NOGAD. WHY? WHAT CALLED YOU HERE?

HOW CAN YOU NOT FEEL IT? THE AIR THRUMS WITH HIS PRESENCE!

WHO? I FEEL NOTHING BUT MY BODY TWISTING FROM ITS UNWANTED HERITAGE!

HOW CAN YOU MOCK THE PURITY OF THE DEEP ONES?

THAT WHICH CRAWLS FROM THE BITTER COLD OF THE ICY DEEP TO FORCE ITS WAY ON AN UNKNOWN HUMANITY CAN MAKE NO CLAIMS TO PURITY!

YOU RESIST THE CALL! THAT IS WHY YOUR BODY GROWS DRY AND STIFF. THE EMBRACE OF THE BOUNDLESS SEA AWAITS YOU WITH MORE YEARS THAN THIS PITIFUL LAND-BRED EXISTENCE CAN EVER PROMISE!

THE PROMISES OF THE DEEP ONES ARE COLD AND BITTER WHEN REALISED. I'VE SPOKEN TO THOSE WHO FOLLOWED THE CALL, AND WHO FINALLY RETURNED TO RECAPTURE WHAT THE HEARTLESS EMPTINESS OF THE SEA COULD NOT DELIVER!

THEY WERE TOO WEAK TO GRAPPLE WITH THE DARK MYSTERIES OF THE FURTHER REACHES, AND COULD NOT LEAVE THEIR HUMANITY BEHIND.

PERHAPS BECAUSE THE DEEP ONES ARE BLIND TO SUCH UNIMPORTANT HUMAN TRAITS AS LOVE AND BEAUTY.

LOVE IS AN ILLUSION OF WORDS! THE ONLY BEAUTY IS THAT GLIMPSED IN THE BLIND TERROR, WHEN BEHOLDING THE DEEPEST ONE!

I HOPE TO NEVER GLIMPSE A BEAUTY SO TERRIBLE AS THAT!

BACK ON THE MIDWAY, THE GHOST-BUSTERS HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE A GRAND ENTRANCE.

I'M HOPING THAT OUR SUDDEN APPEARANCE WILL FRIGHTEN SOMEONE INTO MAKING A MISTAKE OR WILL REVEAL THAT KENNETH ISN'T ALONE IN HIS CONCERN HERE.

I FEEL LIKE WE'RE CRASHING A MEETING OF SOMEONE ELSE'S FAN CLUB.

COLOUR OUTR SPACE

THESE GAMES ARE PRETTY WEIRD. I'M AFRAID OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, IF I PLAYED ONE AND LOST.

JAW'S OF DEATH

MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP.

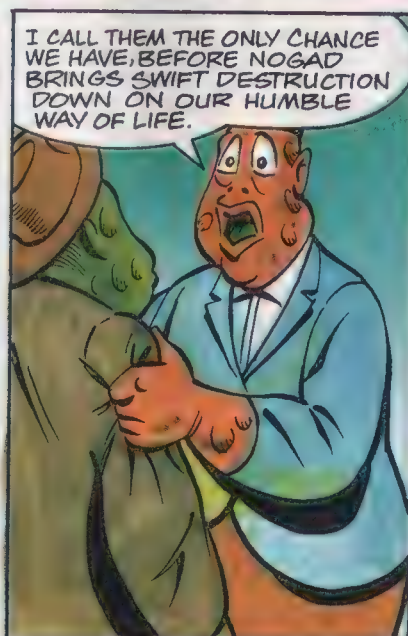
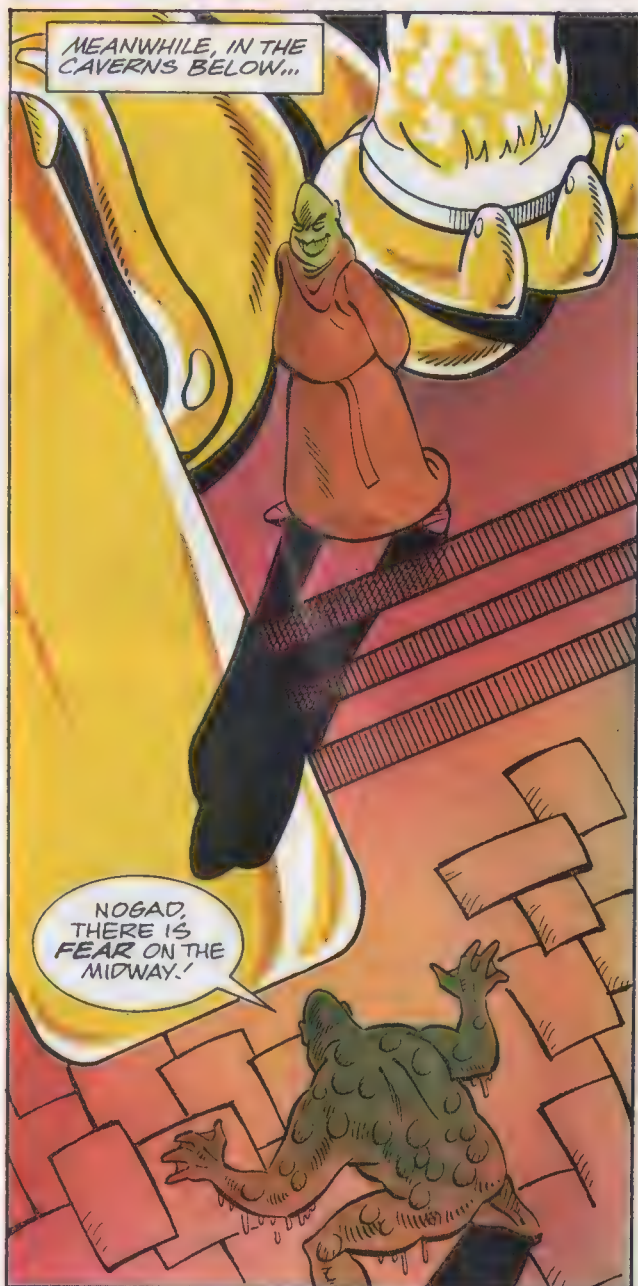
SPLIT UP? BUT THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE DO IN BAD MONSTER MOVIES RIGHT BEFORE THEY GET EATEN!

PETER, THIS ISN'T A MONSTER MOVIE.

Oh, YEAH? HAVE YOU LOOKED AROUND LATELY?

KENNETH? YOU AROUND? HEY, KENNETH? HO, KENNETH?

Uh, GUYS, YOU THINK THEY CAN HOP FASTER THAN WE CAN RUN?



RETURNED
FROM
WHERE?

THE PITS,
THE TUNNELS
WHICH HONEYCOMB
TOAD ISLAND.

THEN
THERE'S
SOMETHING
HIDDEN
BENEATH
US?

WE'RE GOING
UNDERGROUND
AGAIN! I KNEW IT!
WE'LL BE WALKING
ALONG, THE TORCH WILL
GO OUT AND SOME-
THING SLIMY WILL
GRAB ME!

IF IT DOES,
WE'LL KNOW WE'VE
FOUND WHAT WE'RE
AFTER!

CAN'T WE JUST
WAIT UP HERE AND
LET IT SLITHER
UPSTAIRS?

BUT THEN WE'D
LOSE THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE!

WE ALREADY HAVE!
OVER THERE! BY THE
TUNNEL OF LOVE!
IT'S NOGAD!

DON'T LET
HIM GET
AWAY!



SPECTRAL SPECTRUM PAGE!

LOVELEE
COLOURING-IN
PAGEY-WAGEY!!



GH^oST WRITING!



Howdy! Do you have any burning questions which you'd like to ask The Real Ghostbusters? Yes? Well, drop us a line and I'll do my best to answer!

Dear Peter...

I have some questions for you:

1. Give me five reasons why you hate Slimer?
 2. Why do you run when the ghosts are big and fat?
- John Byrne, Co. Carlow.

Well now, John, I think I can manage that. 1. a. He's slimy! b. He eats all my food! c. He wakes me up too early! d. He's got a stupid voice! e. He's got a comic all to himself! 2. I don't run away...ever! I place myself strategically — it's a totally different thing.

I am a great fan of yours. You're the coolest, special dude I've ever seen.

1. Have you ever been on a date with Janine Melnitz?
2. Will Slimer's relations appear in any of your issues?

3. Who is Charles Chase Mantell?

4. How comes Slimer is always eating in every story?

—Tammy Lane, Croydon.

I could never resist answering questions from such a discerning reader, so here goes!

1. Hey, I mean most chicks would love to go out on a date with me, but Janine keeps resisting my incredible charm. She's so weird! 2. Oh mercy, I hope not. One of the horrible little spuds is bad enough! 3. He was a silent film star who haunted the opening of the Magipix Film Studios! 4. Because basically that's all he does do!

I think you are really cool and groovy.

1. What is the top speed of ECTO-3?
 2. What does the Giga meter measure?
 3. How many ghosts can a Ghost Trap hold?
 4. How do you bust Werewolves?
- Andrew Whyte, Inverurie.

I can't believe how many of you kids out there have got such amazing taste! 1. We've never managed to get it up to top speed... yet! 2. Well, would you believe that it measures Gigas? No, I didn't think you would. It measures Psychomagnetheric Energy in intervals of a thousand million volts, or Giga volts. 3. It can hold any amount of ghosts, but they would have to be trapped all at the same time. If we opened the Trap to let any more in, it would let the others out! 4. Carefully, very carefully! We have to separate

the human part from the wolf part, and that's no mean feat!

1. Who did the artwork for the Ghostbusters II story?
 2. Who did the artwork for Ghost Gangsters?
 3. Who did the artwork for Werewolf?
 4. Who did the artwork for Video Nasties?
 5. Who did the artwork for Ghost Gangsters II?
- Robert Moore, Tullamore.

1. John Tobias and Rich Rankin did that artwork! 2. Ken Steacy and Andrew Pratt. 3. John Tobias and Brian Thomas. 4. John Tobias and Brian Thomas. 5. John Tobias and Rich Rankin.

Seeing as you are such a fab guy, I was wondering if you could answer a few questions for me:

1. What occupation, if any, did Slimer have in his past life?
 2. What university did you go to?
 3. What are your earliest memories of the other Ghostbusters?
 4. How old are you?
- Daniel Blishen, Manchester.

You are too kind! In all modesty I know I'm a truly wondrous hunk of fun, but you lot do flatter me! 1. It has been rumoured that the green one was indeed a king, but I don't think that could be at all possible, do you? 2. Weaver Hall University in New York. 3. Seeing Ray in the canteen of Weaver Hall, and seeing Egon studying in the library — not I hasten to add that I went in there very often. 4. Now that would be telling, wouldn't it!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2

SCHOOL'S OUT!



SURF'S UP!

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DEAD TRUE!



There was once a French boy prodigy called Florizel who became a well respected violinist, perhaps best remembered by his audiences for recreating the work of the great sixteenth-century Italian composer, Nicolo Paganini. Florizel, however, did not only perform the recognised compositions, for his forte was to deliver Paganini's previously unheard of material! The story goes that a beautiful, hand-carved guitar was purchased by Florizel's mother for her seven year old son. She discovered from a Parisian antique dealer that the ornate instrument had once belonged to Paganini. Delighted with her find, she rushed home and presented the guitar to the young Florizel.

The boy awoke the following morning, unable to think of anything but his dream in

which a middle-aged Italian man had appeared, claiming that the guitar had belonged to him – not his son, Nicolo! He further explained how his son had often played the instrument, and as a result, had composed a piece of music previously unheard of. The voice urged Florizel to learn the notes, and it proceeded to hum the melody. 'Learn and perform', were the encouraging words that remained fresh in the lad's mind.

Florizel was a bright boy and instinctively knew that the ghostly vision of Paganini's father had appeared for his benefit. He picked up the exquisitely carved instrument and started to play to his mother, who was a trained musician. Recognising the standard as sheer excellence, she wondered how her young son had managed to produce such a work. The explanation Florizel offered surprised her further, yet she knew it had to be true.

The entity claiming to be the father of the great virtuoso returned the next night, offering more invaluable guidance. The shadowy figure urged Florizel to open up the guitar, for hidden inside was an unknown composition. After a painstaking search, the guitar was found to conceal a carefully folded piece of parchment, containing clearly written music. Florizel recited the piece to his mother, who recognised the style to be that of the Genoese violinist.

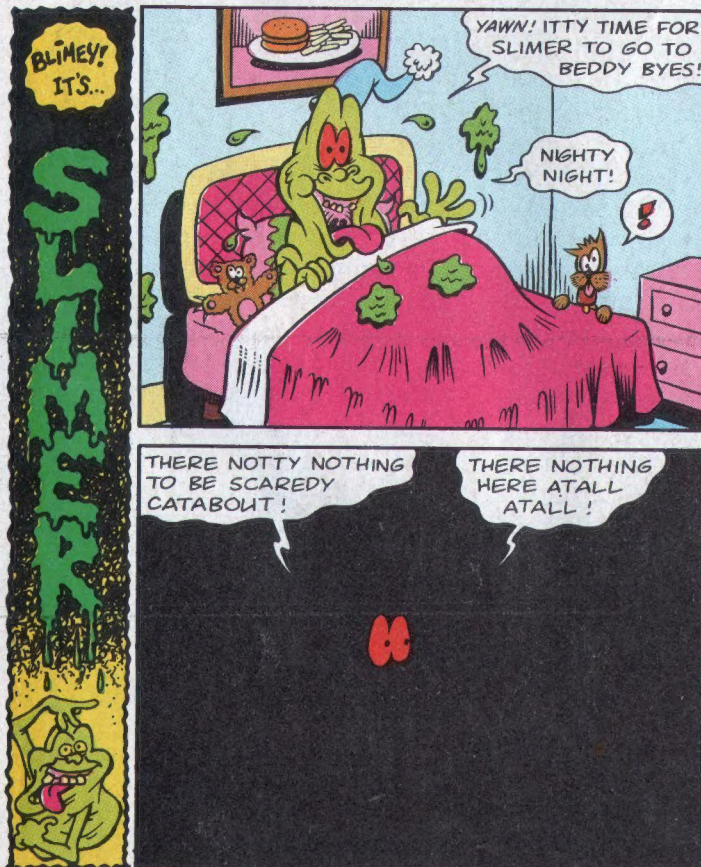
Many years later, Florizel offered the guitar to an Italian museum. The directors, however, were reluctant to accept that Paganini was connected to any instrument, other than the violin. Yet it is widely known that he gave his early recitals on a guitar – most certainly on the exact one that Florizel's mother had given to him as a child.



TARTAN TERRORS!



IN JUST 7 DAYS



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TO BE SCAREDY
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THERE NOTHING
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